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To defend national sovereignty against the menace of international finance

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MONARCHY OR THE MONEY POWER

ROSINE de BOUNEVIALLE explains why we cannot have both

HOW right was Anthony Benn when he announced in the middle of the Maastricht futility that "if the Monarchy ever does go, it will be European federalism that does it, more than democrats like myself." Under the Maastricht Treaty, he said [**Sunday Telegraph**, 13/12/92], "the Queen becomes a citizen and has a vote in the Euro elections. How you can swear an oath of allegiance to another citizen of the European Union has never been fully explained."

Presumably, it was not thought necessary to explain it, since for centuries now the British people have not had a monarch at all. They have been conditioned to accept a crowned puppet who performs at the pull of invisible strings manipulated by the arcane force known as the Money Power. Today, it appears, even that charade is becoming daily more redundant. When the alleged monarch agrees to pay income tax, she has obviously opted to proclaim herself "an ordinary British citizen", ripe to join her fellows in the amorphous flock being shepherded into the European pen, where even the trappings of sovereignty must, of necessity, soon be relegated to some suitable museum.

Authority To Rule

If a monarch is not an absolute monarch, then he or she is no monarch at all. In these islands up to 1688 and except for the Roman occupation, we have had kings and queens, were they British, Saxon, Danish, Irish, Scottish, Norman or English. Even the occasional usurper had the blood royal in his veins, even if it was a trifle thin in the case of Henry VII. They all ruled in the traditional way: issuing currency for the promotion of trade and the provision of national enterprise. Christians and pagans alike recognise that the rulers of any society - kings, chieftains or whatever their titles - appear to be imbued with the requisite authority.

The Christian anointed kings, indeed, knew that their authority derived from God and that they should rule according to Divine Law. It has been called the Divine Right, and was much misinterpreted by parliamentarians clamorous for democracy. However, it is not only Christian rule that derives from the will of God the Creator: "You would have no authority...if it were not given you from above," said Jesus Christ to Pontius Pilate. So: all individual authority comes from God, but nowhere does it appoear that parliaments or "the people" enjoy the same patrimony.

From the fall of Rome to the Inglorious Revolution of 1688, apart from the Cromwellian interlude, monarchs who were deemed unsatisfactory for one reason or another were sometimes compelled by the Baronage,

backed by the Church, to comply with a written agreement, such as King John and the Great Charter. Other times they were forced to abdicate in the face of insurrection by an ambitious relative, were imprisoned and subsequently murdered as was the case with Richard II and his usurping cousin, Henry Bolingbroke of Lancaster, afterwards Henry IV.

Thereafter, his grandson, Henry VI, was deposed, reinstated and finally defeated by Edward of York, also a grandson of John of Gaunt, in the Wars of the Roses. Lastly, Richard III, Edward's youngest brother, was killed in battle by another usurper and remote relation, Henry Tudor, who as Henry VII married Edward IV's daughter Elizabeth and founded the Tudor line. Thus far, the only rebellious attempt to saddle and bridle a king with a parliament had been Simon de Montfort's against Henry III, and that was frustrated by Henry's redoubtable son Edward, afterwards the First, who rescued his country from money-lenders by expelling them bag and baggage, thus safeguarding the national currency for another three hundred years.

The Tudor Disaster

It was the greedy Tudors who undermined both Throne and Altar. Henry VIII usurped the Divine Authority, debased the currency, stole the Abbey lands, bred diseased children and confused the Succession, thus laying his country open to the ravages of robbery and usury that, in turn, lead to debt, democracy and the death of monarchy. This last, like Charles II, was "an unconscionable time a-dying", but eighty-seven years from the death of Elizabeth I the Catholic faith in England had been virtually fined and executed out of existence; the Abbey lands were stolen and (irony of ironies) soon flooded out of the royal robber's hands into those of the venal lords who were soon in hock themselves and found betrayal more profitable than loyalty.

When the last true heir to the English throne - Mary, Queen of Scots - had been executed by the last barren Tudor, the only material for monarchy left was the son of the Scots Queen, nurtured from his cradle by his mother's bigoted enemies who had betrayed her to eighteen years imprisonment, ending in death on the block. With the reign of James, the Sixth of Scotland and the First of England, the ancient monarchy was on its last but one gasp. James' vices and "the favourites" engendered by them did nothing to recommend the monarchy as a Divine Right, and his popular son Henry died when a young man and left only "Baby Charles" with his stutter and his French Catholic wife, Henrietta Maria. He had so many disadvantages and never the means to overcome them. He had to defend his wife, his friends, his religion and his throne. His wife he saved at the cost of his friends, his throne and his life. His religion and his realm were given over to every extreme of puritanism. The monarchy has been proscribed to this day.

By the aid of the Commons, their King was tried, condemned and executed illegally with all the legal trappings. An army - Cromwell's - killed him. Another army - General Monk's - "restored" his son, Charles II, and yet another army destroyed Charles' brother, James II - that of his son-in-law William of Orange (invader), and his friend John Churchill (traitor). The last true King of England died in exile. The monarchy had ceased to exist, except as a dynasty of puppets who right royally confused their people. Instead, the Money Power ruled, as it does today, except that Queen Elizabeth II is the first Royal to proclaim her resignation in its favour.

CHURCHILLMAS DAY REFLECTIONS

TO question Churchill's wisdom in conducting the war is to question a national myth and secure for the revisionist historian disparagement from the academic and political establishment, as David Irving found several years ago. With the publication of John Charmley's **Churchill: The End of Glory**, the cries of outrage have been deafening, particularly with Alan Clark's review in **The Times** suggesting peace should have been concluded with Germany in 1941.

A. K. CHESTERTON found the reflected light from the Churchillian halo was equally as blinding to the majority of people when in 1954 he used Churchill's eightieth birthday celebrations to ask some hard questions about the price paid by the "Naval Person" for the American alliance.

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WHAT greetings has **Candour** to offer Sir Winston Churchill on the occasion of his eightieth birthday? The question, to judge by the amount of advice we have received, is one upon which many subscribers have speculated, not least those who hold that our whole attitude towards the man is misconceived. "Criticise him by all means," they say to us, "but do it subtly. Wrap it up. Interlard it with praise. Otherwise you only infuriate his worshippers." The advice is sincere, even though what our advisers term subtle we would regard as deceitful and destructive of our entire political purpose. True enough, we do infuriate the idolators, but in our view the minds which can be reached only when the sting is taken out of a denunciation are not worth reaching. Let those who recoil from the harshness of our strictures call us boors and ingrates if they please: at least they shall not in justice call us sycophants.

There is, however, no sycophancy in the greetings we now offer Sir Winston. We wish him many happy returns of the day. The wish is sincere, for we have no personal animosity towards him. May he live to be a hundred, longer if he so desires. Our only proviso is that the many more years which we hope he will enjoy are spent in painting, in writing, in bricklaying, in all his genuine skills - of which, we add with profound conviction, statesmanship is not one.

Turn, Sir Winston!

There could be an alternative proviso, but unfortunately it lies so far from every likelihood that to wish for it would be to wish for a miracle. It is that Sir Winston, even at his advanced age, should turn his back upon the disastrous trend of his life's work, and do that which the innumerable admirers who have contributed to his Birthday Fund, including those three thousand old ladies who with loving hands have knitted for him scarves, gloves and sweaters, assume without a single tremor of doubt that he is doing - preserving the British Empire and so helping to make secure the British future.

Were it not that the nation is hypnotised by Churchill's fame there could scarcely be concealed from its knowledge the stupendous fact that he is doing precisely the opposite, that - in spite of earlier assurances - he now presides over the actual dissolution of the British Empire. Were that grim and terrible truth understood, would

the Birthday cheques be pouring in, would the poor be contributing their shillings or their pence, would those devoted hands be knitting woollen comforts for his gracious acceptance? I do not know the answers to those questions. Like many readers of this little journal I stand baffled and appalled in contemplation of the schizophrenia which afflicts our nation. Facts no longer have the force of facts. Truth no longer matters. All that matters is the myth - in this case the fantastic, reason-destroying myth of Winston Spencer Churchill.

Scuttle After Scuttle

We are driven ignominiously out of Egypt by a comic-opera military junta backed by American dollars. Churchill spins a web of words for the beguilement of our people and our rout is at once construed as a great Imperial triumph. The same verbal smoke-screen has covered our scuttle from the Sudan. We are allowed back, a mangy jackal in the wake of a mangy Wall Street lion, to enjoy a two-fifth share in our own Persian oil industry, with Yanks and Dutchmen as our supervisors, and this is another thunderous Churchillian victory. The obscene fiasco of setting up negro governments to try to hold their own in the supersonic age is carried a step further by an administration which can have no doubt of what the ultimate result will be, and this, too, is a further laurel for the Churchillian brow. While twenty battalions of British boys hold Communism at bay in Malaya, the Churchill Government busily prepares to hand over the people of Malaya to the anarchy and chaos which is dignified by the name of "independence" - "within the Commonwealth," of course! - so that the terrors of the Malayan jungle will be reinforced by the man-made hells of the jungle of high finance. Yet in no way is the Churchill myth diminished.

It is not diminished when our crack troops for fifty years are placed outside the control of Her Britannic Majesty and the people of Britain. It is not diminished when, kow-towing to the Money Power, Churchill adheres even more closely to GATT - in return for its alleged short term advantages - deliberately throwing away the cement of an integrated Empire economy which alone could safeguard the British nations from international dictatorship. Nothing, it seems, can diminish the myth. It grows with every defeat. When the debacle is complete it will tower in the skies, denying us the light of the sun. Nevertheless we of **Candour** are enjoined not to make any protest, or if we do - rash, intrusive fools that we are - our advisers would have us "wrap it up" so that no delicate sensibilities are injured. Great God, what a terrible world it has become for the few men and women who love their country enough to face ugly truths for its own sake! They are looked upon as outcasts, if not as actual lunatics.

Wind From The East

Let us penetrate the Churchill myth even further, to examine a reality which one of his greatest friends, Mr Bernard Baruch, in the course of a Birthday eulogy, has been unwise enough to reveal to the public gaze. After the First World War Baruch and Churchill were in Paris at the Peace Conference. Addressing himself to the greatest Englishman who ever lived, the greatest "American" who ever lived recalls this incident:

"One day we were walking through the Bois de Boulogne, talking of the problems which burdened a world exhausted by war and groping for

peace. Suddenly you broke your brisk stride, paused and, lifting your walking stick, pointed to the East. Your voice rumbled ominously: 'Russia! Russia! That's where the weather is coming from!'"

Why did Mr Baruch produce that anecdote? Beyond doubt it was to shed light on Churchill's prophetic soul. But consider it well! I beg my readers, especially those hostile to my theme, to give to it the full force of their minds. Churchill knew the illimitable menace of Russia. Yet when Nazi Germany was preparing to march eastwards - the entire build-up was for the Drang nach Osten - what he did was to constitute himself the leader of the war party which worked ceaselessly, and in the end successfully, to divert the first terrific onslaught towards the West. The Germans might have become bogged down for whole decades in the dreary wind-swept Russian wastes, while the West re-armed to become the arbiters of Europe. Instead, although intuitively aware of whence came the weather, Churchill set out to destroy the German **power** which for a hundred years might have expended its strength as a wind-break, and thus to a very considerable extent was he responsible for bringing forward the source of the spine-freezing weather to the River Elbe.

Is it conceivable that any honest historian will be able to ignore Mr Baruch's artless disclosure? Will it be possible for him not to ask whether a man who so grievously betrayed his own instincts should have been entrusted with the destinies of a great Empire? That no shadow of self-criticism ever entered Churchill's own mind is clear enough. While the "weather" was being assembled in black storm-clouds for its westward advance, he would send Baruch jubilant cables of just two words: "Oh Boy!"

"Oh Boy!" It was indeed a most practical instance of obedience to the injunction: "Never mind the weather!"

Drunk On His Own Legend

Some months ago a friend said to me: "Churchill probably gets so sick of the adulation heaped upon him that if ever **Candour** comes his way he must devour it with zest." Having been told of how Stalin in private derided his own myth, I gave a light assent to such a possibility. "Perhaps," I said. That was before I saw a news-reel of Churchill passing through a mob of adorers on his way to a plane. The face terrified me. It was the face of a man so drunk with his own legend as to be no longer capable of proportion in his self-assessment.

That, I think, and not lack of sincerity, has been the trouble from the first. There is no reason to doubt that he was sincere enough when, twenty years ago, he wrote:

"There is a forgotten, nay almost a forbidden word, which means more to me than any other. That word is England. Once we flaunted it in the face of the whole world like a banner. It was a word of power. But today we are scarcely allowed to mention the name of our country. I want to revive the grand old name of England."

Today he does not flaunt the word "England" or that other word "Britain", which describes the once marvellous partnership in world achievement of the men and women of these islands. In their place the word "Churchill" is flaunted. Can it be that he is so carried away by

his fame that he now construes the words as one?

A harsh comment, it may be thought. But is it too harsh for one whose policies, more than those of any other man, have been the cause of the break-up of the British world? Is it too harsh for a leader who - in defiance of George Washington's dictum that nothing is more foolish than to expect real favours from one nation to another - openly commends to us, in place of our former sturdy Imperial self-reliance, the protection of the United States of America?

Perhaps, after all, the kindest birthday wishes than can be extended to Sir Winston Churchill are that he should enjoy many years of tranquil retirement, and that never for a second should that tranquility be disturbed by a glimpse into the realities of his own grim and irresponsible achievement.

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THE SIGNIFICANCE OF DISTRIBUTISM

by ANTHONY COONEY

What became known as the Distributist movement was the result of the coalescence of several elements — Catholic, artistic, literary and the Romantic Revival. The philosophy of Distributism was made explicit by the publication in 1891 of the papal encyclical *Rerum Novarum* ("Of New Things"). The encyclical reviewed the development of Capitalism and examined the arguments of Socialism, which it rejected as being opposed to the Rational Nature of Man. It then outlined the immediate and necessary requirements of Social Justice to alleviate the lot of property-less workers in a Capitalist economy — the fair wage, decent working conditions, reasonable hours, friendly societies, etc., etc. — and finally enunciated the authentic Christian alternative to both Capitalism and Socialism: the re-institution of widely distributed *property* as the norm of society.

"We have seen that this great labour question cannot be solved save by assuming as a principle that *private ownership must be held sacred and inviolable.* The law, therefore, should favour ownership, and its policy should be to induce as many as possible of the people to become owners . . . The result of civil change and revolution has been to divide society . . . On the one side there is the party which holds power because it holds wealth . . . On the other side there is the needy and powerless multitude . . . If working people can be encouraged to look forward to obtaining a share in the land, the gulf between vast wealth and sheer poverty can be bridged and the respective classes will be brought nearer to one another. A further consequence will be the greater abundance of the fruits of the earth. Men always work harder and more readily when they work on that which belongs to them; nay, they learn to love the very soil that yields . . . not only food but an abundance of good things for themselves and those that are dear to them . . . Men would cling to the country of their birth, for no one would exchange his country for a foreign land if his own afforded him the means of living a decent and happy life. *These three important benefits, however, can be reckoned on, only provided that a man's means be not drained by excessive taxation. The right to possess property is derived from nature, not from man;* the State would, therefore, be unjust and cruel if by taxation it were to deprive the private owner of more than is fair" (*Rerum Novarum,* para 35).

Unfortunately, it was to the ameliorative aspects of the encyclical that the attention of its most enthusiastic supporters was directed. Of those who might be thought of as quasi-official Catholic spokesmen only two, Fr. Fahey and Fr. McNabb, appear to have thought beyond the ameliorative aspects. Indicative of the failure in Catholic circles to grasp the *essence* of the encyclical's doctrine is the title given to the English translation — "The Workers' Charter."

With hindsight, it is possible to see why the Catholic authors neglected the real teaching of *Rerum Novarum.* To call for the reform of Capitalism was to swim with the tide. Eventually, Capitalism was modified into the Affluent Society, and nothing further has been heard of *Rerum Novarum* in Catholic circles these past twenty years. To work for the reversal of Capitalism and its Tweedle-dum, Socialism, was much more difficult. This fatal neglect was lamented by Pope Pius XI in his sequel to *Rerum Novarum,* the encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno.* After reviewing the maturation of Socialism into Leninism and of Capitalism into Managerialism, Pius XI re-affirmed the authentic Christian social doctrine of *Rerum Novarum,* but with little more effect than his predecessor.[1]

Distributism's "Heart"

Rerum Novarum's contribution to Distributism, whilst ultimately indispensable, was cerebral. For the "heart" of Distributism and its springs of action, we must look to a movement in English culture which was both widespread and potent. A convenient starting point might be the reaction to the Agricultural and Industrial Revolutions led by William Cobbett in books, pamphlets and his weekly *Cobbett's Register.* Contemporary with Cobbett's reaction in the social field was the reaction of Romanticism in the artistic and literary fields against the self-styled "Enlightenment". The discovery of "Nature" by the Lakes poets was also a discovery of the ruins of castles and monasteries. The Romance was not entirely right in its conception of the culture which had built these edifices, but it was right in its realisation that the Middle Ages was not a dark and barbarous interlude between two civilisations, but a highly elaborated and articulated culture which could look that of Graeco-Rome in the face. It was the "Enlightenment" which had sneeringly dubbed the Western architectural mode "Gothic", but the serious scholarship which the Romantic idea of "the splendour falls on castle walls" stimulated, discovered that "Gothic" demonstrated a science of mathematics

and geometry in advance of that of Greece and Rome and an understanding of Neo-Platonism which antedated the Renaissance.(2) The re-discovery of the Mediaeval achievement resulted in a hostility toward the Renaissance — Ruskin wrote of "the pure poison of Raphael" — and it was this antagonism which produced one of the most important cultural movements of the nineteenth century — Pre-Raphaelitism.

Pre-Raphaelitism fused into a single consciousness the High Romance and the reaction to Industrialism. It gave birth to the first *action* which could be described as "Distributist" rather than "Collectivist". Whilst William Morris talked of "Socialism", Ruskin went to the Lakes to form the Guild of Saint George,(3) a venture typical of many attempts at the restoration of crafts, gilds and proprietorship, which culminated at the turn of the century in the launching of *The New Age* by A. R. Orage.

Orage had persuaded the Fabian Society to finance *The New Age* as a critical review. However, editing it crystallized Orage's own thinking, which he systematized as "guild Socialism". A nation-wide movement grew up around *The New Age,* much to the chagrin of the Fabians who felt they had been deceived and who launched *The New Statesman,* first to counter the influence of, and later destroy, Orage's 'paper.

There is one further thread to consider: the actual bringing together of the social doctrine of *Rerum Novarum* and the cultural, literary and social ideas represented by Pre-Raphaelitism, *The New Age* and a host of other such movements and journals into a single system labelled "Distributism".

It was Hilaire Belloc who coined the term "Distributism". Belloc was half French, though he grew up in England. After graduating from Oxford, he considered it a matter of honour to report for French army service. In the marches and manoeuvres across France, he had first-hand experience of a free-holding peasantry which had escaped Enclosures and the Agricultural Revolution(4) and which both Ricardian and Marxist economics had assured him could not possibly exist because of the operation of "the Iron Laws of Economics"! The supremacy of observed fact over theory characterized Belloc's thinking ever afterwards. Belloc's taste in art and literature was classical rather than Romantic, and his approach to problems, cerebral. A Catholic intellectual, he reached the core teaching of *Rerum Novarum* in one leap. Belloc is rightly called the founder of English Distributism, but his chief contribution must be that he presented the case for Distributism in the Economists' own terms. The importance of this can scarcely be overstated. The great disputations of history are never resolved, for the simple reason that they are conducted on different horizontal plains. Linguistically, protagonist and antagonist never meet; they by-pass each other, each with his linguistic reality intact.(5) Before Belloc, the argument was Capitalism versus — well, what? "Naturalism" was Science versus Romance, Reason versus Sentiment. In *The Servile State* and *The Essay On Distributism,* Belloc took the terminology of classical Economics and built from it a logical case for Distributism as the guarantor of human freedom: "If we do not restore the Institution of Property, we cannot escape restoring the Institution of Slavery; there is no third course" (*The Servile State*).

It might be useful here to formulate the tenets of Distributism as they emerge from Belloc's thinking:

*The social objective must be to ensure *Distribution* among a majority of the families of the Nation of ownership of productive property.

*Law and Custom must both encourage the spread of, and defend against acquisitive wealth, small property.

*The making of things, whether for subsistence, comfort or ornament, is not simply an "economic" activity, as Marxists and Capitalists maintain, but a human activity, part of the personal integrity of the maker; that there exists an organic relationship, embodied in what we call "craftsmanship" between the maker and the object, and the organisation of production must be based upon this fact.

*That men are socialised by their National community into their human identity, and the Nation therefore constitutes the "natural" unit of mankind; both Imperialism and Inter-nationalism are pathogenic to the Nation.

"Chesterbelloc"

Distributism is inalienably associated with the partnership between Belloc and G. K. Chesterton — the "Chesterbelloc". The partnership began with the founding of *The Eyewitness* by Belloc and Cecil Chesterton, a 'paper forever famous for its exposure of the Marconi scandal and which was subject to the vengeance of the Ascendancy for its stance on the Boer War. Unlike the Liberal-Pacifist pro-Boers who were against the war because "war is wrong", *The Eyewitness* was pro-Boer because it said that the Boer farmers were right to fight for their little Agrarian Republics against International Finance and the Gold Interest. In spite of the partnership, G. K. Chesterton was in many ways different to Belloc. He was educated at the Slade in the after-glow of Pre-Raphaelitism. He belonged firmly to the High Romance. From boyhood agnosticism and Fabianism, he had reasoned his way to Anglo-Catholic and a Distributist position before meeting Belloc.(6)

Distributism does not feature largely in Belloc's major writing, which apart from *The Servile State, The Party System, The Free Press* and the *Essay On Distributism,* is chiefly historical, biographical, travel and critical essays. Chesterton's writing, on the other hand, is saturated with Distributism, though only one book, *The Outline Of Sanity,* is explicitly an exposition of Distributist ideas. Distributism is so much a part of the warp and woof of Chesterton's thought that a man might read the greater part of his books without being aware of the ideas he is imbibing. It requires an awakened perception to bring Chesterton's Distributist message into consciousness.

In a fabulous novel, *Tales Of The Long Bow,* Chesterton relates the story of an eccentric American millionaire who, having made his fortune out of manufacturing silk purses from sows' ears, buys up vast tracts of England to build model villages and pig farms. He is persuaded that the *real* philanthropy would be to give the tenants the free holds as a gift, and so an English peasantry is re-created. Aghast at this, the Ascendancy rush to nationalize the land, providing in the Bill for themselves to be appointed Controllers of their own estates at princely salaries. The reaction is a new and successful Peasants' Revolt.

The Return Of Don Quixote is an hilarious story of a Professor of history and a fas-ces of Industrialists who, cashing in on Mediaevalism, re-institute the Gilds as a means of disciplining the "Working Classes". It is a two-edged sword, for the Professor takes them before the new Gild Courts and, as they are unable to produce Masters' certificates in the manufactures they control by capital, they are disbarred from trade and a new age of Master-proprietors is ushered in.

In *The Man Who Knew Too Much,* Chesterton prognosticates an Ascendancy whose members are subject to blackmail because of the skeletons in their cupboards. They spinelessly accede to the importation of hordes of coloured aliens to fill the mines and factories for the final crushing of the English. There is a reaction, but an Asian power exercises its rights under International Law to protect its nationals, and prepares for the invasion of an apparently prostrate Britain. There are still sufficient men of integrity in the Army to rally the Nation to its defence, and at the last minute victory is snatched from defeat.

The Flying Inn is another prognostication. A Prime Minister having no Christian Faith embraces mohammedanism. He closes the pubs and bans drink — except for the rich who, by a clause in the Act, can drink if they own an inn sign. He establishes, in secret, an alien mohammedan army to crush opposition. To no avail, the banning of their beer is the one thing which awakens Englishmen from their long torpor, and in a fury terrible to behold, internationalism, soggy-liberalism and general rottenness are swept out of England for ever. It is in this book that Chesterton describes Imperialism: "Conquest of barbarians, employment of barbarians, conquest by barbarians."

In his most atmospheric book, "The Man who Was Thursday", Chesterton parodies the busy-body state by having the supreme council of the Anarchists — the Council of Seven — composed entirely of Secret Service infiltrators who all spy on each other. In *The Napoleon of Notting Hill,* Chesterton stated the case for National Sovereignty — Political Distributism — anticipating the idea which C. H. Douglas was to put into academic language: "The smaller the genuine political unit, the nearer we are to the self-determination of the individual."

These fantasies, then, rather than learned monographs, are the texts of Distributism and this is how it should be, for Distributism is not an academic theory, but the commonsense of the Folk: "Property, like muck, must be spread."

Practical Steps

As the ideas labelled "Distributism" clarified, the title of *The Eyewitness* was changed to *The New Eyewitness,* which continued in publication into the post-1914—18 War period. After its failure, Chesterton and Belloc continued to expound their ideas in Orage's *New Age* and it was in this journal that Distributism and the Social Credit of Major C. H. Douglas first met. With the failure of *The New Age* and subsequent collapse of the Guild Socialist Movement, Chesterton determined to take some practical steps. He launched his own paper, *G.K.'s Weekly,* in reminiscence of *Cobbett's Weekly* and a number of people formed a Distributist League. This was the first time any effort had been made to make Distributism, as such, a political force. If we judge the League by the conventional canons applied to political pressure groups, it would be difficult to claim any successes for it. Chesterton was of the opinion (7) that with British agriculture in the doldrums, many landlords would be glad to sell land at low prices. Parliament, in fact, was persuaded to vote a small amount of money for grants for the purchase of small-holdings. If the League had made re-settlement on the land its sole aim, perhaps larger sums could have been obtained. In fact, it did not. Distributists charged into battle on behalf of the

London East End parents who resisted the compulsory vaccination of their children and the first inroads of the busy-body state. But perhaps we owe it to the League that de wo not yet live under the sort of social-worker terror which now rules Sweden. Again, the League was drawn into the battle for organic farming against the chemical industry. Distributists felt this battle was vital for small property, and perhaps it was, but there were other groups fighting the issue to whom it could have been left. However, if there are today thousands who can proclaim the virtues of organic husbandry without being drowned by the jeers of "muck and mysticism" and "back to the oil lamp age", the respectability of their point of view is due in no small measure to the work of the League.

The League's successes, therefore, were long term. It drew into the Distributist cause writers and artists such as Eric Gill, Augustus John and a number of lesser lights whose ideas rubbed off and cropped up in the media in a later age. The League, however, did not confine itself to ideas. Fr. McNabb re-established a number of East End families in small-holdings in East Anglia. George Maxwell established a craftsman's colony and began to make hand-looms — a success story today. Harold McCrone established a Distributist group at Corby on the last open-field system in England, which still thrives.

Not all Distributist advocacy or action was centred on the League. There was the "Back to the Land" movement and the Catholic Land League and it might be argued that every Allotment and Craft Association is a *practical* Distributist group.

After G. K. Chesterton's untimely death in 1936, his 'paper was sold to the League and renamed *The Weekly Review*. It survived the war and, in fact, was responsible for the conversion of Douglar Hyde, news editor of the *Daily Worker*, to both Distributism and Catholicism.(8) By 1948, however, support had fallen off to the extent that it was necessary to replace it with a little monthly, *The Register*, and this appears to have failed before 1950. In 1953, after the death of Chesterton's right hand man, H. D. C. Pepler, Aidan Mackey gathered a handful of Distributists together to start a small monthly, *The Distributist*, which survived until 1958. There was a Distributists Society at Glasgow University as late as 1956, whilst in the same year in the United States an attempt was made to launch a Distributist University. It was from the Distributists in 1953-54 that A. K. Chesterton drew his first support for the founding of this journal and for its supporting organisation, the League of Empire Loyalists.

What of Distributism today? Its principles are as valid as ever. Paradoxically, the technological advances of the past two decades *favour* de-centralisation of production and of ownership. It is not merely that the potter, weaver or cabinet-maker can now, by means of electricity, plug into his work-shop the water-power which two hundred years ago drove the master-craftsman out of business; it is not merely that machinery which once filled a room has now been reduced to table-top size. Rather, the modern automated factory simply does not need "hands". It is conceivable that in the society of the future such factories will make all that is necessary, without much human supervision, and men will make with their hands and small machines all the things which are useful and beautiful. The choice is a *political* choice. Technology has now reached a stage of development where it really is *neutral* in determining the structure of society and the economy. Has not our "post-industrial economy" become the media's in-phrase during 1981? It is a question, then, not of "the Iron Laws of Economics" (which are merely human conventions) but of a *political programme*. Such a programme should be aimed at securing legislation which will facilitate the wider distribution of small property and small business. It must also be aimed at defending them from the tax-gatherer and the usurer, not to mention the ten-per-center and take-over bidder. There remains the question of the necessary large-scale industry. Again, distributed ownership is the key, and share-holding provides the answer. Part of a political programme for Distributism should be directed at obtaining an investment by the Treasury in new, high technology of, say, £1,000 for every child born. The investment should be of newly created Crown credit and the share certificates, with their accumulated interest, should become the *property* of the child at, say, age twenty-one. The income deriving from this share in the ownership of large-scale industry would then provide the basis for self-employment in small-scale craft production.

Such a programme does not need a "League" or "Party" or any other such organisation to pursue it, but it does need advocacy by *existing* Nationalist groups in alliance with such non-political associations as are formed by the self-employed and the small-business man. The alternatives are very stark — either the Marxist Revolution or the Managerial Revolution, both leading back to a new Dark Age of servile status for all.

FIGHTING FOR LIFE

TED ATKINSON chronicles some of the anti-abortion protests in which he has been involved as a supporter of Operation Rescue

ON 30th July last year I was sentenced to another fourteen days in prison for refusing to be bound over to keep the peace. That was at Epping Court. Father Morrow [U.K. organiser of Operation Rescue] and Michael McNamara, a young traditionalist Catholic, were with me. Being civil prisoners on this occasion, we had to serve the full fourteen days. Had we actually been convicted, we would have done only half.

We had told the magistrates that it was an insult to require from us an undertaking to keep the peace, as we were already doing that very thing better than most people, including our M.P.s. The Bench gave us an hour-long lunch recess to give us time to think it over, but in reality to give themselves an opportunity to find a way out of the corner into which they had manoeuvred themselves. The case had arisen from an incident at the Fairfield baby extermination centre at Buckhurst Hill on June 20th. We went into the building and straight up the stairs to the doors of the killing room, where our way was blocked by a black security guard. We were arrested and charged with a breach of the peace, with the result that I have outlined above.

Spurious Grounds For Arrest

During a period of a couple of weeks, we attempted rescues at no less than five abortuaries in London and one in Bournemouth. In each case some of our group managed to get inside the building, even ones where the doors are usually closely guarded. I am sure our Blessed Lord was with us. At Streatham we were released without charge or arrest. In Bournemouth we were arrested but released without charge. At Brixton I was charged with Fr Morrow with "displaying a sign or writing or other visible representation which was threatening, abusive or insulting within the hearing or sight of another person likely to be caused harassment, alarm or distress, contrary to section 5, Public Order Act 1986." My offence? I showed a photograph of an aborted baby to people entering the "clinic" who were about to have their babies murdered.

The hearing, which was to have taken place on 11th September at Camberwell Green, was dropped on orders from the Chief Crown Prosecutor. Fr Morrow had been acquitted on an identical charge some time previously, and I had received acquittals on the same charge twice before. We regard this as a real breakthrough, as we reckon we have now won the legal right to show the public graphic representations of what goes on in these slaughter houses.

In less than three years I have been arrested twenty-two times in Britain, have been to prison six times to a total of fifty-four days, spent at least four weekends in police custody, plus one overnight at Brighton, plus several hours in police cells on a number of other occasions, plus a total of over £2,000 in fines which I refused to pay. I have also had the bailiff after me to try to get the money in kind. After looking around my front room, he told me I had nothing worth seizing. Discussing this latter incident later with the Redemptorist Prior of the monastery on Sheppey, he said to me, "Now you see the power of a poor man."

In April last year I was arrested at Bologna when a group of us blockaded the murder mill of an Italian state hospital. After about six hours in police custody we were released without charge. The month before we blocked two private abortuaries in Poland. There were no arrests. One was in Gdansk, the other in Warsaw. The latter incident could have turned ugly as a gang of street louts (or so they appeared to be) started throwing stones at us. They soon stopped, but I wonder whether they were really just layabouts. We were informed on good authority that despite the so-called democratisation of Poland the police are still controlled by the Communist Party. It was my impression, too, that Poland is being subjected to the worst of our Western "culture". There are sex shops in the cities and I have seen more explicit pornography on public display than in Britain.

Perverts Target Schoolchildren

In November 1991, I went to a state secondary school near Chalk Farm underground station where it had been previously publicised in the **Evening Standard** a group of sodomites proposed to hand out their filthy literature to the children emerging for their lunch break. I took some miraculous medals - I was delighted to find they went like hot cakes - and a large Fatima poster giving a warning about those who offend Our Lord. The saddest thing of all was that I was the only person protesting, despite the prior publicity. Where were the parents? Still, I was not worried as I thought the strong police contingent would sort out the perverts. I was staggered to find the inspector in charge actually threatening me with arrest because I started to harangue the homos. Clearly the police were there to protect the perverts, not the children. The inspector told me, "These people are doing nothing illegal." I replied that they were corrupting minors, and that is illegal. Is it any wonder that police morale sinks lower every year. Any man who is half decent does not join the force to protect murderers, child molesters and every variety of sexual pervert.

During my various sojourns in prison, I have found very little hostility either among prisoners or staff once they knew what I was in for. In fact, I have encountered considerable sympathy, especially after showing them photos of aborted babies. I then press it home with: "If I did that to a baby I would expect to be sent to prison, but I am in jail for trying to prevent people from doing just that to a baby." They usually take the point.

Reluctant To Herald The Truth

Some months ago I visited the office of the **Catholic Heretic**, otherwise known as the **Catholic Herald**, to try to persuade it to publish photographs of aborted babies. The answer was that since the paper is left on open sale at the back of churches, the staff would not like children to pick up such photographs as they are so distressing. Yet the same paper is quite willing to print distressing pictures of starving children in Ethiopia and elsewhere. The secular newspapers print photographs of emaciated corpses in Belsen or Dachau who were allegedly starved and done to death by those "wicked Nazis". But, of course, we must not tell the British public about our own native "Nazis" who are murdering tens of thousands of British babies every year right here in this country in an extermination programme that certainly deserves the epithet "Holocaust".

THE CASE UNRAVELS

In the light of the Demjanjuk trial, SAMUEL FRANCIS questions the integrity of the "war crimes" campaign in the U.S.A.

THE Office of Special Investigation was set up within the Justice Department by an act of Congress in 1979 for the sole purpose of investigating and prosecuting Nazi war criminals in the United States. In the thirteen years since, the O.S.I., as the bureau is known, has dispatched a number of Americans believed to be guilty of war crimes to the tender mercies of Soviet and East European Communist "justice" systems. Now, with the rapid unravelling of its case against its most famous target, John Demjanjuk, it turns out the real criminals may have been inside O.S.I. all along.

Demjanjuk is the 72-year-old retired steel worker who was sentenced to death in Israel for being "Ivan the Terrible", a guard at the Treblinka concentration camp who tortured and murdered Jewish inmates. From the beginnings of his case, he and his family have claimed he is not Ivan, that he is an innocent man. Five Israeli witnesses nevertheless swore that he was Ivan, and the gallows gaped. Virtually the only man to defend Demjanjuk was columnist Patrick Buchanan, who was promptly villified for it. More recently, more doubts have arisen about Demjanjuk's guilt as the evidence piles up from Soviet archives that the real Ivan actually was someone else. The prosecutors now claim that even if Demjanjuk is not Ivan, maybe he committed other crimes and should hang for them!

Red Faces

The Israeli Supreme Court is hearing Demjanjuk's appeal, and the whole case is now an embarrassment to Israel and professional Nazi hunters who like to boast of their infallibility. A **New York Times** editorial recently ackowledged that "new uncertainties about whether Mr Demjanjuk is in fact Ivan of Treblinka clinch the argument against executing him." So far, no one has suggested that an apology [or compensation - Editor] to Buchanan might be in order, let alone congratulated him on being courageously right.

Demjanjuk may well go free, but there is more to the story. Just as the Israeli Supreme Court was reconsidering the case, a U.S. federal appeals court was examining whether Demjanjuk's extradition in 1986 may have been based on "erroneous information". It would be bad enough if the Justice Department had merely blundered in branding an innocent man a Nazi war criminal and deporting him to stand trial for capital offences in a foreign country. But there is more still.

The **Washington Times** in mid-June reported that the Justice Department's Office of Professional Responsibility is investigating whether O.S.I. officials themselves committed perjery - not only in the Demjanjuk case but also in that of one of their earlier targets, Andrija Artukovic. Artukovic was extradited to Yugoslavia and sentenced to death for wartime atrocities. He died in prison there in 1988, so comatose he never knew where he was or what he was charged with, and clearly mentally unfit to stand trial. The allegations that O.S.I. officials, including the director, perhaps deliberately falsified evidence against two innocent men in capital cases is most

serious. Indeed, if true, it would be the biggest scandal in the history of the Justice Department, shoving the shenanigans of Watergate clear off the scandal sidewalk.

It has never been entirely clear why a U.S. government agency should concern itself with hunting down criminals who were not Americans, whose crimes were not committed on American soil, and whose victims were not Americans, either. The O.S.I. has no authority to pursue, and no interest in pursuing, Japanese war criminals who committed atrocities against American P.O.W.s in World War II or any other war criminals from any other conflict. Moreover, simply because of the time that has passed since the crimes of the World War II era and the often decrepit condition of the available witnesses, it is inevitable that much of the evidence O.S.I. could collect would be questionable.

Regardless of the final Israeli verdict, John Demjanjuk's guilt has not been proved beyond a reasonable doubt. That calls into question the reliability of much "eyewitness" testimony in this as well as in similar war crimes trials. And now there is more than reasonable doubt that O.S.I. itself is a reliable or even an honest investigatory agency. It does not simply waste taxpayers' money. The O.S.I. strips you of your citizenship, calls you a Nazi and a war criminal, and sends you abroad to stand trial for your life under a foreign justice system. It is time to close down the O.S.I. for good. If it turns out its officials committed perjury, let them stand in the dock instead of the innocent men whose judicial murder they tried to engineer.

*

THE trial of John Demjanjuk has received enough media coverage for most people to know about it, but when revisionists are on trial it is a very different story. Although the facts relating to their trials have in some cases been eminently news-worthy - to say nothing of alarming - we in Britain have heard virtually nothing about them from our own news media.

The revisionist trials which have so far warranted the most media reporting and commentary, but which apparently have gone completely unreported in the U.K. are those of Ernst Zundel. He was first charged in 1983 for an alleged breach of an ancient law that made it an offence knowingly to spread "false news" against what is deemed the public interest, the false news in question being his publication of a Canadian edition of **Did Six Million Really Die?** He was finally, ostensibly, let off the hook in August of last year; nine years from start to finish under the one charge.

One of Mr Zundel's most informed and valiant defence witnesses was Professor Robert Faurisson, a fact which has so far let him in for eight physical assaults, one of which nearly killed him in September 1989. Now he faces judicial repression. On December 9th a French court found him guilty of violating the country's anti-revisionist law against "contesting crimes against humanity" for an interview he gave to a magazine. A ruinous fine of 60,000 francs was imposed, with an additional 314,000 francs payable to eleven groups by way of "compensation", among them several Zionist organisations. He is also having to face two further trials for the same offence! Today Prof. Faurisson needs the help of every patriot., so please send messages of support and any donations to him at 10 rue de Normandie, 03200 Vichy, France.

THE TRUTH AGAINST THE WORLD

BERNARD FAULKNER pays tribute to the life and work of Ivor Benson

IT is with deep regret that I learn of the death of Ivor Benson. I am, perhaps, the least qualified person to write about Ivor, having met him only once at a public house in Ashford, Kent. Yet he gave me the immediate impression of having a high tensile steel spring running through his body, constituting a 100 per cent content of high moral fibre and integrity - something that is almost completely lacking in our national and international leaders. Instead of being just another pillock of society at the supposed top of the careerist tree, Ivor was a true pillar of society exposing evil as opposed to scandal. As such, he had to suffer the consequences which he bore gladly and with pride. Consequently, he found a following worldwide from those who believe in truth rather than those who prefer to live a life of fantasy following media disinformation and historians' perversions.

Ivor had the distinction of being the only Western journalist to witness the slaughter and carnage carried out by the troops under the aegis of the United Nations in Elisabethville in 1961. I learnt about this event some months later when I had arrived from Libya to be pitched into the unreal world of what was left of the former Belgian Congo. Postal clerk and womaniser, Patrice Lumumba, darling of the White House and the Western media (shades of Nelson Mandela), was parading his limited mental capabilities upon the world stage. I was declared persona non grata and had to live in the French Congo, across the Congo River, so the story of the slaughter did not have the impact on me and, in any case, the event was largely ignored by the media.

Congo Horror Story

It was in August 1968 that the full effect of the story hit me when I read about Ivor Benson's work in Elisabethville in Edward Griffin's book about the United Nations, **The Fearful Master**. This is hard hitting, carefully documented and a healthy antidote to U.N.-can-do-no-wrong propaganda. In short, the U.N. handiwork involved the rape of nuns, the murder of priests, and the slaughter of the president of the Union Miniere, his wife and servants at their home. Forty-six Belgian doctors cabled the Pope, President Kennedy and Dag Hammarskjold, the Secretary-General of the U.N. The answer came the following day. The main post office in Elisabethville was wiped out by U.N. aerial bombardment and the clearly-marked hospitals, all bearing the Red Cross emblem on their rooves, were systematically bombed. The Vatican was quiet. So was the White House. The U.N. denied all implication. Dag Hammarskjold lost his life in a 'plane crash shortly afterwards between Leopoldville and Elisabethville.

After a career in journalism in South Africa, Ivor Benson moved on to become Information Adviser to the liberal Rhodesian Prime Minister, Ian Smith, whose government the B.B.C. referred to as a "regime" with its customary lack of political integrity. Smith came under Zionist pressure for employing Ivor and, after a year, he was relieved of his position. Subsequently, he edited the newsletter **Behind The News** and his articles were reprinted in patriotic journals throughout the Western world. He continued his journalism right up to his death. He was a man whose like we may never see again. We salute you, Ivor Benson!

FREE SPEECH AND THE RIGHT TO LIFE

THE Home Secretary's decision to deport the American anti-abortion activist, Don Treshman, is a gross over-reaction to his forthright interview on BBC2's **Newsnight** programme. David Alton M.P. wrote to **The Independent** to suggest the move may well be clouded by Kenneth Clarke's own pro-abortion position. When Clarke was Minister of Health, he promoted the Act that permits abortion up to birth on the disabled and which, in less than a year, has doubled the number of abortions after 24 weeks. Mr Alton expressed the view that Clarke's vindictive action was a clear breach of Voltaire's principle: "I disapprove of what you say, but will defend to the death your right to say it." As we know only too well, in liberal Britain that dictum most emphatically does not extend to anti-abortionists, Holocaust revisionists or opponents of I.R.A. marches on the streets of London!

As for the die-soft element within the anti-abortion cause, a female representative of LIFE appeared on the television news to express her group's opposition to Operation Rescue's "confrontational tactics". Presumably the dear soul still retains faith in parliamentary procedure to settle the abortion issue! We suggest her confidence is seriously misplaced. Although the 1967 Abortion Act which legalised abortion received government time, none of the pro-life bills over the last quarter of a century has received equal treatment. In the face of such injustice, the direct action tactics employed by Operation Rescue, Fr. Morrow, Don Treshman and our own good friend, Ted Atkinson, are entirely understandable and commendable.

MONARCH OF COSMOPOLIS

"IT's an excellent idea. The Queen is proud of the fact that she has the blood of the world in her veins, including Jewish and Muslim."

Harold Brooks-Baker, editor of **Burke's Peerage**, in the **Daily Mirror** about the Benetton advertisement showing the Queen as a black woman.

JUSTICE...IN THE FORM OF BRICKS FROM HEAVEN

"A 19-year-old Khayelitsha man, sentenced to six lashes for murdering a sleeping man, was warned by the presiding magistrate: 'If you kill someone again within the next five years, you're going to jail for 30 months.'" [**Cape Argus** 28/2/93]

The murderer shall be - not hanged - but caned!
When justice with such clemency we leaven
The quality of mercy is not strained -
It droppeth like a ton of bricks from Heaven.

FRANK ROBB

Read SPEARHEAD. Edited by John Tyndall and published in support of the B.N.P. Sample copy £1 from P.O. Box 117, Welling, Kent DA16 3DW.

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